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JAM HAWKER LILIES

THIRD
EDITION



J. M. CAVANESS.



Jayhawker Juleps

*A Kansas beverage that does not come
under the ban of the prohibitory law*

THIRD EDITION

With about 30 additional pages



By James Mulloy
J. M. CAVANESS

Juleps, juleps, Jayhawker juleps,
Not the beverage sweet but dire,
Running thru the gate called Two-lips,
Strangely setting the brain on fire ;

But a mixture for poor forlorners,
Tinctured with poetic art,
That turns the two lips up at the corners,
Warming the currents of the heart.

TRIBUNE PUB. CO.



CHANUTE, KANSAS

Let me but bring to woful faces
Effulgent eyes, and radiant smiles,
I'll turn to gardens desert places,
And change long leagues to cheery miles.

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Author's Note

Poetry and Verse are not synonymous, tho poetry uses the form of verse for its expression. Poetry appeals to the deeper feelings—inspires, elevates, arouses. Verse pleases, amuses and instructs, and may be the medium of philosophy and gradations of thought down to the simplest forms of speech. Tho humor is as elusive as happiness, the author of the simple verse herein set forth, faintly hopes he has not wholly missed the first to help the second.



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Introduction

When a book of poetry achieves a third edition the fact is noteworthy, and is a better tribute to the merits of the poetry than anything that can be written.

As a general thing a bard finds that one small edition will supply all demands, and leave a surplus that is embarrassing to him; and unless he gives his books to the poor, or sends them to the heathen, they will be in his way as long as he lives.

It must be gratifying to all who take an interest in western literature, as well as to Mr. Cavaness himself, that his collected poems enjoy a continuous sale, and the reason why they sell will be no mystery to those who read them; for the Cavaness poems are helpful and encouraging, making life seem more enjoyable. And, this world being rather dull and gray, the man who brightens it up is doing real good.

Mr. Cavaness's poetry is melodious and cheerful, easy to read, easy to sing, easy to remember. There isn't a grouch in a barrel of it, and nobody can read his book without being braced up and encouraged.

So I hope the book may attain many more editions, and that the author will have to build a sub-treasury to hold the receipts.

WALT MASON.

GIVE A SMILE.

Just give a smile ;
'Twill give the blood a richer hue,
The eye a brighter brown or blue,
And make your friends more kind and true;—
Just try it ; 'tis worth while.

Just give a hearty laugh,
If you would expurgate the bile
Of jealousies that life defile,
And ailments various and vile ;
Naught better can you quaff.

Just give a loud guffaw,
If you would feel within the thrill,
That all the blue-hued microbes kill,
And cures instanter many an ill,
In liver, lung or maw.

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KANSAS.

In the Louisiana Purchase
Kansas was the biggest hit,
With her deserts and her prairies,
Where the coyotes howled and "fit".
And upon the world's great atlas
Kansas still, I claim, is "it."

Southern birds of evil omen
Made their nests in dugout thatch ;
Freedom fired the sun-dried stubble
With her ever-ready match,
Gave the eggs so bad a roasting
That they never made a hatch.

In the Kansas days primeval,
Days before the cruel war,
Giants trod her hills and valleys,
From the pulpit, shop and bar,
Who began to blaze a pathway
To the most exalted star.

Suns they were, not free from blemish,
Spots, it may be, marred each name,
And thru word or deed of daring,
Little known to "Halls of Fame."
Yet they made the very heavens
With sweet Liberty aflame.

Lane who led without a turning
To the left hand or the right ;
Brown the lover of the bondman,
Whether black or red or white ;
Reeder, Geary, Denver,—beacons,
In a dark and stormy night.

Then there followed in close order
Men of royal pedigree ;
Crawford, Harvey, Thacher, Wilder,
Plumb, St. John and Connelley,
Ingalls, Anthony and Haskell—
These are my big Kansas Three.

In the state's entire horizon
Shine the stars of clearest light,
Meteoric some, in brilliance,
Making all the heavens bright—
Snow, Carruth, McCarter, Allen,
Mason, Smith, Quayle, Hoch and White

Nor should we forget Joe Bristow,
He who won the Long, long term,
Nor the coming of the Campbell,
With his heel implanted firm
On the Octopus infernal,
That began to make him squirm.

On our Kansas center tables
Stand our literary Ware,
Inkhorns holding quills of iron,
Bric-a-brac and vases rare,
Filled with posies from the prairies,
Sweeter far than eglantare.

There is music in the breezes,
Sweeping over hill and plain,
 wooing back each son and daughter,
By its soft and sweet refrain,
Tho it be Queen Esther roaming
From the Golden gate to Maine.

Writers, orators and statesmen,
Swarm our prairies like the bee,
Poets plucking fadeless honors,
From the sky and flower and tree,
Till the fragrance of their laurels
Fills the lands beyond the sea.

Ground historic has New England,
Other states a sacred spot,
Where great men were born, or struggled
For the right, in battles hot :
Kansas has d'stinguished children
For each tract and corner lot.



"Laugh, and the world laughs with you ;
Weep, and you weep alone;"—
Throw at the world a brickbat ;
It will answer you with a stone.

LET ME FORGET.

As I traverse old memory's halls,
Unpleasant things my mind recalls ;
My vision fills with floating motes,
Vexatious bills, pestiferous notes ;
Loss after loss, and little gain,
With meager sunshine, plenty of rain
Life's fuss and furor, pain and sweat
Let me forget. Let me forget.

The days when I was rudely yanked,
And with stern vigor sorely spanked,
By that irascible school marm
With flashing eye and mighty arm,
Who taught with eye and hand and foot
The young idea how to shoot,—
Those days are gone without regret ;
Let me forget. Let me forget.

The lovely girl with auburn hair,
Within whose meshes as a snare,
My willing heart was caught and held
A prisoner, in the days of eld ;
O deeply into love I fell
With this most fair but false dam-sell.
This episode I now regret ;
Let me forget. Let me forget.

The times when I was in distress
Because of hate and selfishness,
And frequently was in the toils
Of Shylocks, shysters, agues, boils ;
When I was green, and often blue,
And friends once cherished proved untrue,
And trials sore my life beset,—
Let me forget. Let me forget.

O should I be so fortunate,
And some day pass the pearly gate,
And reach the land of love and light,
The woes of earth, its gloom, its night,
Its follies, fashions, fevers, fakes,
Its bitter pills, and pains and aches,
And tears that oft my eyelids wet,
Let me forget. Let me forget.

THE SCARRED VETERAN.

He slowly limps about the house,
And often seeks the outer door,
And wanders round the premises,
And views them daily o'er and o'er.

And as he halting walks about,
Or calmly sits with half closed eye,
He seems to meditate upon
The thrilling scenes of days gone by.

Again he sees the battle front ;
Again he hears the bugle call ;
Again he rushes to the fray ;
Again he sees his foeman fall.

Foe after foe he grappled with
On many a dark and bloody field ;
And tho the combat lasted long,
He never had been known to yield.

He often fought far in the night,
Unseen except by glittering star ;
And all the trophies that he gained
Was many a long, unsightly scar.

All maimed and scarred thru conflicts dire
He lingers on day after day,
And calmly rests beneath the shade,
Or in the sunshine's gentle ray.

He cannot linger long, and yet
He does not seem to care for that ;
Who is this veteran, do you ask ?
He is our aged Thomas cat.



'Twas only some berries—the goose—
Growing near the garden wall ;
A boy found the berries—the goose—
And ate them, the large and small.
At midnight a cry was raised,
That grew to a terrible squall--
That boy wished he never had seen
Those berries—the goose—at all.

THE CROP THAT NEVER FAILS.

The rust may kill the ripening wheat,
The chinch bugs eat the corn ;
The sleet may leave the apple trees
Of buds and blossoms shorn ;
A blizzard come along and lash
The peach buds with his tail,
But there is always one great crop
That's never known to fail.

The frost may suck the oranges,
And squeeze the lemons dry ;
And make the Rocky cantaloupes
All wither up and die ;
Potatoes may be very small,
And very few in a hill,
And yet there will be one big crop
That you can count on still.

Bananas may be black or green,
And never turn to gold ;
With worms the chestnuts, prunes and plums
Be full as they can hold ;
The peanuts all may peter out
And pop-corn fail to shoot,
But one crop every year is sure
To come to flower and fruit.

The cholera may kill the hogs,
And all the chickens, too ;
The murrain take the cattle off,
From Gentile and from Jew ;
The garden stuff may be done up
By cyclone, drouth, or rain,
And yet there's one crop can't be hurt
By hail or hurricane.

Account for this prodigious fact
In any way you may ;
It has been true in all the world
Since Adam's natal day ;
It needs no syllogism fine
In logic of the schools,
To prove that one crop never fails—
The crop of blooming fools.

For folly is man's natural bent—
Did not A-dam begin it ?

But once a year a wise man comes ;
A fool is born each minute.
No matter then what seasons bring,
Or who the empire rules,
Until old Gabriel toots his horn
There'll be a crop of fools.



THE STANDARD OCTOPUS.

The Octopus is a wily beast—
A wily beast is he ;
And his tentacles are long and strong,
And they reach beyond the sea ;
But when he would get beneath his paw
The old Jayhawker crew,
Like Gilroy's kite they made him fly
Until he reached the blue.

The Octopus is a wise old beast—
A wise old beast is he ;
And he has outwitted men and states,
And nations long called free ;
But when he spread his slimy form
Out toward the woolly west,
The Kansas legislator gave
His tail an awful twist.

The Octopus is a mighty beast—
A mighty beast is he ;
He thought to rule with lordly sway
In every land and sea ;
But when he roamed on Kansas soil,
With his high-stepping gait,
A Kansas cyclone came along
And swept him from the state.

The Octopus of the Standard brand
Is a robber big and bold,
Worse than a million Robin Hoods,
That highwayman of old ;
And when he called a Kansas man
To hold his hands up high,
He got a solar plexus blow
And a bulging big black eye.

WHEN MA PUTS DOWN HER FOOT.

I tell, you, boys, things have to move
As fast as wheels along a groove,
 Around our little hut,
For law is law without a doubt,
And 'tis no use to snarl or pout,
 When ma puts down her foot.

My pa, you bet, just flies around,
And no grass grows upon the ground,
 Along his bee-line route,
For what she says has to be done,
And kitchen dishes ring like fun,
 When ma puts down her foot.

Poor Carlo tucks his drooping tail
Between his legs, and with a wail
 Will take a rapid shoot
For some safe place to hide away,
And won't appear for one whole day,
 When ma puts down her foot.

My sisters, too, can plainly trace
The rising tempest in her face,
 And in their terror mute,
They dare not say their souls their own,
But stand like statues made of stone,
 When ma puts down her foot.

The chickens even seem to know
Just when the storm begins to blow ;
 And off they quickly scoot,
On spreading wings and flying feet,
To some well known and safe retreat,
 When ma puts down her foot.

I tell you, boys, ma knows her "biz,"
She shows this in her war-like "phiz,"
 Tho no female galoot,
Nor is she often very cross,
But all of us know who is boss,
 When ma puts down her foot



Lives of foot-ball teams remind us
We can make our bones unsound,
And departing on a litter,
 Leave our hip-prints on the ground.

OVERTAXED.

The eye of man, thru overstrain,
Has lost the sense of sight,
And sees no beauty in the plain,
Tho bathed in floods of light.

The nerves of smell have lost their power
Thru slow but sure disease,
Till dead to fragrant spice and flower,
Even on Arabian seas.

The battle's din, the cannon's roar,
Have pressed upon the ear
With such vibration that no more
Is heard the victor's cheer.

The constant and unresting strain,
On serum, nerve and cell,
Has made a ruin of the brain,
The mind's strong citadel.

But history, sacred or profane,
In mankind, old or young,
Presents to us thru overstrain,
Not one disabled tongue.



TELL ME NOT.

Tell me not of Maine,
Nor yet of Californy,
Nor of Iowa,
So cold and yet so corn-y ;
Of Missouri speak
In whispered accents only ;
Nothing let us hear
Of Texas large and lonely.

Tell me of the state
Of wonderful resources ;
Rich in men and soil,
And in industrial forces ;
Kansas is her name,
And in the constellation,
Her ascending star
Is brightest in the nation.

THE OPTIMIST.

His vision penetrates the gauze
That hides the sham and the unreal,
And sees beyond the lines and laws
That constitute the fair ideal ;
The clouds may darken all his days ;
He knows they have a silver lining,
And that above earth's mists and haze
The lamps of heaven still are shining.

He hears the word of faithful friend
In tones of anger rudely spoken.
But quickly memory doth send
To wounded heart love's old-time token ;
He does not waste a moment's time,
Nor vex his soul in idle grieving,
But sings a merry little rhyme,
And tastes the sweetness of forgiving.

Disease may throw him on a bed,
And tackle lung and heart and liver ;
While he can lift his hand or head
He blesses still the Mercy Giver ;
He says that sickness comes to rid
Of poisons his law-breaking body,
And all the microbes in him hid
Will fly before blue-mass and toddy.

Hard luck may strike him with her fist,
And leave him prostrate, bruised and bleeding,
With little power to resist
The cormorants upon him feeding ;
Yet from his lips escapes no curse,
Nor does he blame his stars above him,
But says it might have been much worse,
And thinks the fates will turn and love him.

His eyes look thru the uncouth dress
And see the loyal heart beneath it ;
Tho thorn-crown on the brow doth press,
There's only love for those who weave it ;
Tho by blind hate and vengeful ire
The spikes thru hands and feet are driven,
Deep in the soul there's one desire—
That this their crime may be forgiven.

He looks upon a world of sin
Portrayed by venal, jaundiced journals—

Its scenes of blood, tumult and din,
As if were loose all hell's infernals ;
He says these things must all needs be—
Are pangs of a new world a-borning ;
That soon the night away will flee,
And then will dawn millennial morning.



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the editor's chair ?
In the early days 'twas an old pine box,
And, wearing jeans pants and curly locks,
The editor sat, with fire in his eye,
That would roast a foe, or paint red the sky.
And spirits rare, and spirits evil,
Could quell a mob, or raise the devil.

Oh, the editor's chair is an easy seat,
With a desk in front for his ample feet,
Whereon he places them high in air,
In a way not entirely debonair.
He writes of markets, finance and stocks,
Of statesmen with and without any socks ;
Sometimes a drop of his pearly ink
Will make a million men stop and think.

The pine box seat of ye olden time,
With its many splotches of ink and grime,
Has disappeared. In a fit of ire
The "devil" used it to kindle the fire ;
And in its place is an easy chair,
Upholstered with springs and plush and hair,
But soft or hard 'tis a royal throne,
And no base fellow should sit thereon.

I love it, I love it, the editor's chair,
For the noble men, so true and rare,
Who now, as in days of long ago,
With pen and pencil, wrought overthrow
To ancient wrong and to modern sin,
Without war's terrible ravage and din.
Unfading laurels should they ever wear,
Who worthily sit in the editor's chair.

THE PESSIMIST.

(The reading of this piece of verse kept
a railroad man in New Mexico
from suicide.)

He watches every darkling cloud,
Lurid with lightning's gleaming,
But never sees the sunset's glow,
Or stars in splendor beaming ;
Each day is drearier than the last,
And calls for more repining ;
He grumbles at the sun because
It does so little shining.

He hears the croaking of the frogs,
In stagnant lake or river ;
The echo of their doleful tones
Rings in his ears forever ;
When sing the birds his aural drum
Seems muffled o'er with cotton,
And should it vibrate with one note,
'Tis soon, alas, forgotten.

The weeds all grow along his path,
And never rose or lily ;
To search for lucky clover leaves
Strikes him as "blooming silly."
He sees no majesty in trees,
No beauty in the grasses ;
The last make only provender
For oxen, sheep and asses.

He thinks that Shylocks rule mankind,
And poor men have no chances ;
That money plays the violin,
While labor only dances.
No more have people any rights—
Not even to petition—
And all are straightway downward bent
To bow-wows and demnition.

He says the world is all awry,
And doomed to dire disaster ;
To Hades has been moving fast,
And now is moving faster ;
That times are sadly out of joint,
And all things topsy-turvy,

And Satan has us by the heels,
And churches reek with scurvy.

Ring off, old man, to this good earth
You have no heavenly message ;
The boat that plies the river Styx
Is waiting for your passage.
Come, jump aboard, no longer stay ;
For you the imps are ready,
With brimstone ample in supply—
There ! Stygian boatman, steady !



ONE BY ONE.

One by one the petals fall
From the drooping summer rose ;
One by one, beyond recall,
Come the wrinkles round the nose.

One by one the forest trees
Drop their leaves to earth beneath ;
One by one, with gleesome ease,
Dentists yank out aching teeth.

One by one big dinners flow
Down the gulch with cream and cake ;
One by one the doctors go
After vermiforms that ache.

One by one the flakes come down,
In old winter's whirlwind glee ;
One by one locks round the crown
Blossom like the almond tree.

One by one maids fair and fain,
On some manly bosom drop ;
One by one life's cups we drain ;
Some are nectar, some are slop.

One by one as years depart
High hopes tumble into wreck ;
One by one death's poisoned dart
Gives it to us in the neck.

THE TREMULO STOP.

She stood before the expectant throng,
With rosy cheek and resplendent eye,
And raised her voice in exultant song,
That stirred emotions of ecstasy ;
But as she worked the chromatic scale,
With a sort of running jump, skip and hop
The melody died with a dismal wail,
As the singer yanked out the Tremulo Stop.

Her voice went soaring, and reached "high C",
Like a mounting eagle in joyous flight,
But took a sudden slide down to Z,
Clear out of hearing, almost out of sight ;
I could have endured the slur and trill,
As my beaded brow I began to mop,
But down my vertebra went a chill,
As a cold wave blew from the Tremulo Stop.

I heard it thru with an inward moan,
But wished I was seated upon a cloud,
As it floated out to a distant zone,
Away from the church and away from the crowd
Where I could hear the bewitching tones
Of the old tom-tom at the Navajo hop,
Devoid of all the artistic groans,
The caterwauls of the Tremulo Stop.



THE GROUCH.

The world is on the downward grade,
And fast and faster flying ;
Upon your life no premium's paid,
Except by early dying.

And men are growing worse and worse,
And women following after ;
'Tis more and more beneath the curse
Of fool and knave and grafter.

The money god has in his pinch
Our good old Yankee Doodle ;
And Satan has a timelock cinch
Upon the whole capoodle.

TALKING THRU A WIRE.

In days when I was young
And sunny were the skies,
A rare and radiant maid
Talked to me thru her eyes ;
Her love was false, and tore
My hearstrings like a brier,
And now with me she does
Her talking thru a wire.

And once I knew a man
Who wore most modern clothes,
But had a habit bad
Of talking thru his nose ;
To hear him was enough
To make the dead perspire.
I'd only want to talk
With this man thru a wire.

Sometimes we meet a man
To have a little chat,
And find, alas, he does
His talking thru his hat.
Down in your heart there springs
At once a strong desire
That such a man would do
His talking thru a wire.

Most frequently in life
The phone is handy quite,
Particularly when
You're in a mood to fight ;
If in your quarrel just
You call a man a liar,
How fortunate are you,
If talking thru a wire.

Again there is the man
Who has an onion breath,
And also one whose teeth
Are odorous as death ;
If he resides in Spain,
In Sodom or in Tyre,
You will not get the stench
When talking thru a wire. .

THE DEVIL SMILED.

She stood beneath the maple trees,
And listened to his prayer ;
The light of love was in her eye,
The sunset in her hair.
He said he would renounce the cup,
Because of her great love,
And while he vowed, his whisky breath
Was sweetened by a clove.
And in the shadows near at hand,
The devil stood the while,
And as he listened, on his face
There crept a little smile.

A merchant stood behind his case,
With face childlike and bland,
Declared the fabric wholly wool,—
None cheaper in the land ;
And yet he knew that in the warp
The shoddy was concealed,
And only to the expert's eye
The lie could be revealed.
Behind a pile of goods near by
The devil stroked his chin,
And as he listened, o'er his face
There stole a little grin.

A politician on the stump
Proclaimed himself to be
A strong defender of the right,
A champion of the free.
He took the oath of office with
His hand uplifted high ;
And now is elbow deep into
The public treasury.
And as he stole the people's cash,
The devil stood near by,
And merry twinkles came and went
In his observant eye.

A fever turned the patient's head ;
(The doctor was not daft ;
He knew the sick man's name meant much
At tail end of a draft.)
"Your case is very serious, sir;"—
The doctor's tone was grave,—
"And yet I think I'll pull you thru,

So cheer up, man, be brave.”
The trouble was, the devil knew,
A small excess of bile ;
The doctor stole a big, fat fee—
The devil stole a smile.

A minister in cap and gown
Behind his pulpit stood,
And with loud exhortations begged
His people to be good ;
And yet his feet were on the sand,
And not upon the Rock ;
His eye upon the golden fleece,
And not upon his flock.
And while he lifted up his voice
In mockery of prayer,
The devil snickered in his sleeve
Behind the pulpit chair.



KANSAS FOREVER.

'Tis the Sunflower state
I congratulate
Upon her wealth and beauty ;
With her sons high born,
She is duly sworn
To loyalty and duty.

Over hill and plain
Waves the golden grain ;
Her banks are full of money ;
And she takes her stand
Far above the land.
That flowed with milk and honey.

If a Kansan stray
To a land far away,
And spent is all his lucre,
He will try any trick
To return home quick,
Even try his hand at euchre.

'Tis the Sunflower state
I felicitate ;
Her star is rising higher ;
And the cuss or curd
Who disputes my word
Is an infernal liar.

WHEN BIG FOLKS COME.

Ma stirs herself, and makes things hum
When she expects big folks to come ;
With resolution fit to kill,
Each corner of our domicile
Is cleared of spider webs and dust,
And chaos reigns, to the disgust
Of every inmate large and small,
In parlor, sitting room and hall.

The china closet must give up
Its prettiest plate, its daintiest cup ;
The silver ware is trotted out,
And cut glass dishes sing and shout
The glories of the sumptuous spread,
And lamps their brightest haloes shed,
And all the home is made to shine,
When Ma expects big folks to dine.

The fattest turkey in the town
Is baked and basted to a brown ;
The veal-loaf roasted to a turn,
Nor is the cake allowed to burn ;
The viands served on chafing dish
Are all an epicure could wish.
I tell you what, Ma has a spell
If the occasion is not swell.

And when the guests have all gone hence,
And with them show and vain pretense,
To old-time ways you then relapse,
And munch in sullenness the scraps,
With little talk, and common ware,
Without the glitter and the glare
Of cut glass dishes, silver spoons,—
Your staple diet hash and prunes.

To some it seems a little queer
That fancy victuals, splendid cheer,
Should only be accorded those
Who visit you in Sunday clothes,
Whose friendship is an empty name,
Who on you have no valid claim.
Is not Love's highest, noblest test,
To serve the dear ones with the best ?

THE OFFICE SEEKER.

Soon the little office seeker
Will be getting in the push,
With a face and manner meeker
Than old Moses by the bush.

He will grasp your hand so tightly,
And will smile from ear to ear,
And his countenance beam brightly,
With the gospel of good cheer.

He commends the pretty misses
For their cunning, winsome ways,
And the dirty baby kisses,
And no nausea betrays.

In his eagerness to meet you,
He will cross a muddy road,
And with pleasant words will greet you,
And then play the little toad.

He's a paragon of virtue,
If you let him tell the tale ;
If you help him 'twill not hurt you,
When he rises in the scale.

Is it needful thus to saunter
All around old Rob Hood's barn?
Why not reach the point instanter,
Cutting out yarn after yarn.

There's an antiquated saying,
Let the office seek the man ;
Ears stand out above this braying,
Fashioned something like a fan.

If you hanker for position,
Do not seek it with a lie ;
Do not call it recognition,
When you're only after pie.

Never pose as a defendant,
To your better self be true ;
Be courageous, independent,
Let none have a string on you.

If you want an office say it,
In an earnest, honest tone ;
Manhood is the price, then pay it,
Or leave politics alone.

SEE THAT PHARISEE.

Seest thou that Pharisee,
Going up to prayer,
Telling God his pedigree
With a lordly air ?
Hear him mutter, with a sneer,
"Publican, come not thou near."

Seest thou that Pharisee,
On the Jericho road ;
Wounded man he failed to see,
As he upward strode ;
Temple service could not wait ;
On he went at auto gait.

Seest thou that Pharisee,
In his long-tailed coat,
Peering in his neighbor's eye,
Looking for a mote ?
Would it not far wiser seem
To remove his own big beam ?

Seest thou that Pharisee,
Boastful, vain and proud ?
He is far too good to be
Mingling with the crowd ;
What to him is infidel,
Or a sinning damosel ?

Seest thou that Pharisee,
In his white cravat,
On his big, round salary,
Growing sleek and fat ?
With his stylish hat and cloak,
What cares he for us poor folk ?

Poor, deluded Pharisee,
See the Saviour meek,
Sinners vile beyond degree,
In His mercy seek.
Pharisee, just stand and wait,
While these pass the pearly gate.

AN O'ER TRUE TALE.

She was a modest looking girl,
With eyes of witching brown,
And had a laugh as silvery
As any in the town ;
Alas, she had a habit bad,
And somewhat wearisome,
No matter what the time or place,
Of always chewing gum.

When but a maiden in her teens,
A pupil in the schools,
She cared not for the teacher stern,
Nor for his rigid rules ;
She hid her face behind her book,
When she would "do a sum",
And figured faster when her jaw
Was busy chewing gum.

She played upon the piano well,
And played it soft and loud,
And made sweet music for her friends,
And for the cheering crowd ;
Her time was always accurate,
Whene'er she made it hum ;
She kept it with the motion of
Her jaw while chewing gum.

At last she had a handsome beau,
Who loved her, strange to say,
And sought to win her for his own,
For months, day after day ;
And when he asked her for her hand,
She simply said, "Yum, yum,"
And dropped her head upon his breast,
And kept on chewing gum.

The winds may tire of blowing o'er
The dreary, desert waste ;
The rivers may get weary, too,
As to the sea they haste ;
Unto those wagging, working jaws
Will no tired feeling come?
When death shall lay her in the grave
Will she keep chewing gum?

KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP.

If hard luck your spirit is riling,
Just face the old world all a-smiling—
 Keep a stiff upper lip.
If your pocket is empty don't blow it,
If your feelings are wounded don't show it
If gloomy let nobody know it,—
 Keep a stiff upper lip.

If tears come pull out your bandanna,
As you dry them just sing a hosanna—
 Keep a stiff upper lip.
If your sky is all clouded with sorrow,
There comes soon a brighter tomorrow,
Just lend all your troubles, don't borrow—
 Keep a stiff upper lip.

If your clothing is tattered and torn,
'Tis a worse thing to look all forlorn—
 Keep a stiff upper lip.
Let your spirits be happy and free,
Then the people who meet you won't see
The old hat or the patch on your knee—
 Keep a stiff upper lip.

If at a swift gait you've been running
To escape from a fellow that's dunning—
 Keep a stiff upper lip.
Let me tell you 'tis better to chase him,
And coming up boldly to face him,
Than cross o'er the street and thus pass him —
 Keep a stiff upper lip.

If you have been pacing the floor
O'er your debts till your feet are all sore—
 Keep a stiff upper lip.
Let the other man pace it awhile,
Until he is ready to smile,
And give you another fair trial—
 Keep a stiff upper lip.

If times become harder and harder,
And there's only a crust in the larder—
 Keep a stiff upper lip.
Tho the sheriff grabs hold of your collar,

And threatens to take your last dollar,
Don't whine like a baby and "holler"—
Keep a stiff upper lip.

If you're honest and faithful and true,
Your friends will be faithful to you—
Keep a stiff upper lip.
Don't cheat, don't be tricky, don't lie,
And never, no, never say die,
Keep heaven and hope in your eye—
Keep a stiff upper lip.



DO NOT CHEW YOUR PILL

Life is full of pain and trouble,
Independent of your will,
And no matter what your station,
General William or plain Bill ;
Should you medicate your liver,
Do not chew your pill.

Ailments surely will attack you,
Some but slightly, some to kill,
Call the doctor if you care to,
Let him give you what he will,
But I beg of you to heed me—
Do not chew your pill.

Many failures may await you,
Ere you write your codicil,
Like a little man accept them,
With the semblance of a smile,
Do your best to keep from wincing,
Do not chew your pill.

Ruminate these few suggestions,
As the cattle on the hill ;
Ruminate your bread and butter,
Working jawbone with a will ;
But don't ruminate your troubles—
Do not chew your pill.

THE EXPANSION OF WOMAN.

While Uncle Sam is taking in
Outlying lands and isles,
Fair woman also conquests makes
By force of arms, and smiles.

In times not far remote her sphere
Had certain meets and bounds,
And rarely passed beyond the lines
Of home's treadmillic rounds.

But now how rapidly doth she
Usurp man's high estate ;
And when she once ascends to place,
She will not abdicate.

Long time ago she crossed the bar
That kept her from the law ;
She makes a strong antagonist,
Because of active jaw.

And surely as an orator
She will achieve renown,
For she has been a lecturer
From Mrs. Caudle down.

She easily conducts a bank,
Nor does she think it funny
To run away to Canada,
With all the people's money.

And as a swift stenographer
She always leads the van ;
She takes not only rapid notes,
But sometimes takes the man.

As teacher in our public schools
She often leads the class,
Tho into the domestic branch
She early hopes to pass.

In medicine and surgery
She holds an active part ;
In these her great success has been
In troubles of the heart.

Her mother Eve, it was, began
Associations evil,
And hence she takes to journalism,
For there she finds the devil.

As editress she wields the pen
With many a point and dash :
And she can roast an enemy
With ease, like making hash.

She runs our stores, and runs our farms,
And endless trades between ;
If she keeps up this rapid pace,
She'll run the whole machine.

She may adopt the male attire
In collars, coats, cravats,
And, with a feather or a flower,
May also wear our hats.

She may forsake the baby's crib,
And give up cooking prunes,
But while man makes our civil laws,
She can't wear pantaloons.



IT HAS A LIMIT.

"As man thinketh so he is,"
Is merely postulation,
And the fact needs emphasis—
It has its limitation.

Here's a woman with a voice
Just like a turkey gobbler ;
She may make no little noise—
She'll never be a warbler.

Man with nature like a bear,
Or hoggish in extraction,
Never can be debonair,
By strenuous mental action.

Shakespeare was a genius born,
A truth that brooks no blinking ;
One horn has a unicorn—
He can't get more by thinking.

I WOULD NOT BE A BOY AGAIN.

I would not be a boy again,
Upon my mother's knee,
When her old slipper fell like rain
On parts I could not see ;
Nor was it any easy thing
To face a father's wrath,
And hear a switch in high C sing
Out by the garden path.

I would not be a boy again,
And eating apples green
And groan all night with might and main,
With aches about the spleen ;
The bitter potions, nauseous pills
I was compelled to take
With sickening taste my mouth still fills,
When from youth's dreams I wake.

I would not be a boy again,
And told to stop my noise ;
To listen, not be heard, 'twas plain,
Was just the thing for boys.
A big drum major I would be,
With flashy uniform,
In the front rank where all could see
While ladies round me swarm.

I would not be a boy again,
And pulled for little steals,
Which gave my conscience much less pain
Than bruises on my heels.
I much prefer to be a man
And make my hoard of wealth
Upon the Rockefeller plan
By legal ways of stealth.

I would not be a boy again,
No, no, my friend, not I.
I dreamed of castles once in Spain ;
The dream turned out a lie.
I've had my surfeit long ago,
Of all such things as these ;
Now I am in the bald-head row
And want to take my ease.

THE MODERN SILOAM.

"By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows;"—
Thus Heber praised, in verse, the land
Where Sharon's beauty glows.

Not of Siloam's ancient brook
I tune my song today ;
But of a stream of modern fame,
Not many leagues away.

Down in the land of Arkansaw,
Among the flinty hills,
Here crystal waters ever spring,
And run in sparkling rills.

Here come the lame, the halt, the blind,
The twisted up rheumatics ;
The dropsies and dyspeptics, too,
The wheezical asthmatics.

They sit beneath the chinquapin,
Or by the sweet gum tree,
And quaff the water sparkling bright
That flows so pure and free.

The waters seem a healing balm,
Better than pill or potion ;
They stir man's inner organs up,
And put them in commotion.

They drive the refuse matter out,
And bring in living tissue ;—
As banks from circulation draw
Old notes for a new issue.

The lame man leapeth as a hart,
And throws away his splints ;
And the rheumatic straightens up
And jumps round o'er the flints.

Oh, wondrous water ! healing stream !
That stays the hour of dying ;
And cureth all of man's disease
Except, perhaps, his lying.

SINCE I HAVE LOST MY CASH.

No slick promoter of a scheme,
With a cool million in it,
Approaches me, and sings his song
As sweetly as a linnet,
And gives me chances rash,
Since I have lost my cash.

I was the lawyer's patron saint,
When pocketbook was flush,
And all procedures legal went
Thru court with lightning rush.
All lawsuits are in quash,
Since I have lost my cash.

No politician comes around,
And smiles and smiles and smiles,
And gives to me the campaign shake,
And with it sundry wiles,
I wave no party lash,
Since I have lost my cash.

The parson even looks askance,
And hastens on his way
To some important public task,
Like Levi in his day.
He cares not for my hash,
Since I have lost my cash.

The banker always took my hand
And took my money, too,
And trusted me for loans when big
Collateral was in view.
He pleads impending crash,
Since I have lost my cash.

The merchant hailed me as I passed,
And sold me goods galore,
And raked my dollars in his till,
And trusted me for more.
My name has one long ———
Since I have lost my cash.

Once I was in the social swim,
And held a lofty hand,
And lifted high the ruby wine,
To health of ladies grand.

They dub me poor white trash,
Since I have lost my cash.

When sick the doctor called in state,
And diagnosed my case,
And to the region vermiform
My ailments all would trace.
'Tis bellyache "be gash",
Since I have lost my cash.

When my poor body coldly lies
Beneath the sheltering snow,
May angels bear my soul away,
And never let me go
Where teeth forever gnash,
No matter what the cash.



BOWELS AND BRAINS.

In early days of Kansas
The air was full of lances,
The lances of the tongue ;
It was hard times, my sonny,
And people had no money,
But ample jaw and lung.

Two men in Douglas county
Were seekers of the bounty
That office holding gains ;
The one was fat and gritty,
The other lean and witty—
'Twas bowels versus brains.

It was a famous battle,
Old Slander and Old Tattle
Had made a merry chase ;
But Brains had not been in it,
No, not a single minute,
For Bowels won the race.

How often do we see it,
The fates seem to decree it,
A picturesque old hog,
Mr. Bowels orotundo,
O'er Mr. Brains profundo,
Is winner of the tog.

LA GRIPPE.

First there comes a little yawning
And a stretching of the limbs ;
Then a little watery humor
Seeping from the eyelid's rims.

Afterwards there comes an aching
And a quaking in the back.
Just as if a huge pile driver
Had come at you with a whack.

Then the pains run thru your body
With a terrible momentum—
Jumping, tearing and cavorting
Like a very imp had sent 'em.

Cold you are as any iceberg
Till you wish you were in—well—
In a region that is hotter
Than the one in which you dwell.

All the time while aching, groaning,
Heed you must give to your nose ;
You may strive to keep it quiet,
But it blows and blows and blows.

Till a cyclone of disaster
Fills its cavities within,
And your brain is racked and roaring
With an everlasting din.

Then you tumble, toss and grumble
As upon your bed you lie,
Till in agony you wonder
Why the Lord won't let you die.

Feelings deep of utter meanness,
(I'm not talking thru my hat.)
Strike you, like the sad experience
Of a populist democrat.

Tell me not of Job the patriarch,
Of his boils and loss of sheep,
Of his wife's exasperation,
What are all these to La Grippe?

I have had the "third day ager"
And the fever, high and low,

Till the doctor sadly whispered,
 " 'Tis, I think, his time to go."

All the ills that flesh is heir to,
 Piled up in a single heap,
Then poured in the human body—
 This is genuine La Grippe.

Give me all the other microbes
 That thru bodies squirm and creep,
But deliver from the impish
 Microbes of the "tarnal" Grippe.



INVIDUS.

The crimson current of our lives
 Is often tinged with green ;
Our chiefest organ sometimes seems
 Alas, to be the spleen.

"Do unto others as ye would"—
 We read with kindly eyes,
But straightway we forget the words
 When "others" strive to rise.

My neighbor's welcome to the fruit
 Of fig tree and of vine,
Provided, always, 'tis less rare
 And plentiful than mine.

When on life's ladder we behold
 Another climbing high,
No cheer escapes the lip—instead
 It quivers with a sigh.

A neighbor addeth land to land,
 Wealth cometh at his call,
Yet gladness kindles many an eye
 When realty takes a fall.

The envious man is but a cur
 Of mongrel pedigree,
Who yelps and snarls at other dogs
 And larger far than he.

Oh, can there not a solvent rare
 Be made by chemist's art
That will transform to red the green
 In many a human heart ?

NEXT TO NATURE'S HEART, BUT--

I'd like to get near Nature's heart,
And feel her pulses beat,
With all the glow and ecstasy
Of spring's delights so sweet,
If I could only have her warmth,
Without her scorching heat.

I'd like to saunter by the stream,
Reflecting crimson skies,
And hear the music of its voice,
In wondrous harmonies,
If I could only wander there,
And find no noisome flies.

I'd like to tread the wooded hills,
Where song birds have their haunts,
And fill the air with minstrelsy,
That ethic souls enchants,
If I could only be assured
There were no pesky ants.

Oh, I would leave the ways of man.
Hedged in by walls of brick,
With odors choleric and foul,
That make me faint and sick,
If I could know I were immune
From onslaughts of the tick.

Yes, I would leave the city's noise,
Its dingy, crowded flats,
Surrender all to sordid souls,
To fools and owls and bats,
And hie me to the forests, but—
Mosquitoes, also gnats.



WHAT CAME OF IT.

There was a girl who sucked her thumb,
Who long continued deaf and dumb
To scoldings of her gentle ma,
And warnings of her loving pa.
They tied a rag around her hand,
With many an earnest reprimand ;

They put it in a gunny sack,
And tied her hand behind her back,
And in their sorrow deep and ire,
They threatened her with whippings dire.
But all their efforts were in vain ;
She sucked it still with might and main ;
And finding they could never scare
Her into quitting, or ensnare,
They settled down in sheer despair.
And oh the troubles that did come
To all the inmates of that home !
The mother went off in a fit,
And has not yet come out of it.
One brother ran to Mexico ;
The other joined a minstrel show ;
The little sister cried and cried,
And slowly pined away and died ;
The father took to drinking rum ;
These dread disasters all did come,
Because this girl would suck her thumb.



MAN MAY FORGET.

Man may forget the wisdom set
In sayings of great scholars ;
He may forget the friend he met
Who lent him fifty dollars.

He may forget the darling pet
He loved in youth so dearly ;
He may forget the sore regret
When she said "no" severely.

He may forget, and never let
Life's troubles longer goad him ;
He may forget the heavy debt
That some one long has owed him.

He may forget when sore beset,
That he's a miserable sinner ;
But you can bet he won't forget
The time to go to dinner.

THE TYPO AND HIS PIPE.

The long, long day thru summer's heat,
The long, long day thru winter's cold,
Demurely he sits in his lowly seat,
With a steady hand and a spirit bold,
And he fills his galley with lines of type,
And slowly rises and fills his pipe.

He touches the keys with his finger tips,
And down the matrices swiftly glide,
And in the corners of his pale lips
A smile of comfort essays to hide,
Because his galley is filled with type,
And he has a chance to fill his pipe.

The wheels go round with a jolt and jerk,
And the pot of metal sends out its heat,
But the linotypist bends to his work,
And this is the thing that keeps him sweet—
He knows when his galley is filled with type,
He then can arise and fill his pipe.

Explain, pipe dreamers, some pleasant day,
So a poor old foggy can comprehend,
What is the charm in the cob or clay,
Tho redolent with nicotine blend,
That makes a typo fill up his pipe,
Each time he fills his galley with type.



THE COST OF IT.

What does it cost to live ?
What does it cost to die ?
Who can an answer give
That will not make us sigh ?

When you have paid for rent,
Taxes, insurance, grub,
Death may invade your tent—
There is where comes the rub.

Doctors have heavy bills,
Surgeons a costly knife ;
Matters it not if pills
Poison the current of life.

If the grim monster comes,
What are your assets, pray ?
Hardly sufficient crumbs
Hunger of mice to stay.

And if your purse contains
Some of the shining dust,
All with your "last remains"
Goes to the coffin trust.

What of your wife and child,
Left in a cold, hard world ?
Does not your brain go wild,
With such emotions whirled ?

Merciful God on high,
What would we mortals do,
If we were forced to buy
Mansions above the blue ?



CLEAN UP YOUR OWN BACK YARD.

There are filthy places about your home,
That will keep you busy enough ;
So let your neighbor's affairs alone,
And cart off your own old stuff.
If you would stand well in your neighborhood,
And high in the people's regard,
Get busy, old man, get busy right now,
And clean up your own back yard.

Your neighbor may not be all he claims ;
He may have bad habits galore ;
Get an old X-ray and examine yourself,
You will likely find many more ;
Your sinful habits may be so bad
As to make you by many abhorred ;
Get busy, old man, get busy today,
And clean up your own back yard.

What a lovely place this world would be,
If every last mother's son,
Would take a rake and a fine tooth comb,
And begin at earliest dawn
To cleanse his premises in and out,
His home life and alley and sward,
And cart his garbage far out of sight,
And clean up his own back yard.

A COSTLY PAINTING.

There was once a man of small renown,
Who lived in a boisterous country town,
Of perhaps a hundred people or more,
With three saloons and a country store.
This man desired no celebrity,
But a painter of curious skill was he.
He was a man of a large estate,
But his love for painting became so great,
That all his hardly and slow-earned wealth
Was gradually squandered as if by stealth.
His surplus money went dime after dime,
Then all his possessions, after a time,
Till he had no roof to cover his head,—
No home to shelter the woman he wed :
And all that should have been dear to his heart
Was sacrificed to his costly art.
He did not paint like an Angelo,
For the centuries that should come and go,
Nor did he picture the landscape fair,
With mountains distant and high in air ;
Nor beauteous lake with shimmer and sheen,
All fringed and gloried with groves of green,
There was for this man no silent charm,
As in old Landseer, for creature form :
Ner bird, nor beast, nor sparkling rill,
Were ever objects of his rare skill.
He did not paint for a glorious name,
To be writ high up on the scroll of fame.
No "water-colors" did he ever use ;
No time with these did he waste or abuse.
Long years he wrought at the arduous task,
And what the picture, do I hear you ask?
'Twas a costly picture, it took a mint
Of money to paint it tint on tint !
The picture ! yes, I will now disclose,—
It was a very red, red rose,
That blossomed out on the end of his nose.
The pigments he used year after year,
Were rum and whiskey and gin and beer.
Tho in it the rainbow and sunset blent,
He could not have sold it for one red cent.
And as he reeled up and down the street,
The naughty boys would this song repeat.—
It cost \$10,000 to paint that rose
On the end of that poor drunkard's nose.

A SCHOOL OF PATIENCE.

When you approach the telephone
To tell the call-girl on her throne,
To give you number so and so,
Just ring the phone-bell sweet and low,
And if she answers not your call,
Do not begin to loudly bawl,
And give the bell another jerk—
Let patience have her perfect work.

If waiting long you ring again,
Don't turn it with your might and main,
But turn it gently as the breeze
Disports among the leafy trees ;
For this delay there may be cause ;
Remember, in sweet woman's jaws
The conversation microbes lurk—
Let patience have her perfect work.

Again perhaps you ring the bell ;
No answer comes. You say—oh, well,
Don't say it—bite your under lip ;
Let no discourteous utterance slip ;
Don't try to thwart or conquer fate ;
Just learn to labor and to wait ;
Do not, I pray, retort or quirk—
Let patience have her perfect work.

Again you ring and ring and ring ;
Your brain begins to whirl and swing ;
But like old Baal long time ago
The phone-girl answers not "hello!"
Now is the time to show your grit ;
Just quietly and tamely quit ;
Fold up your phone-door like a Turk—
Patience has had her perfect work.



Some say there's no word
That rhymes with Czolgosz,
But that's a mistake,
And simply all bosz ;
There are plenty of rhymes,
But no poetry, by gosz,
In the name or the man,
And that is no josz.

THE RULING PASSION.

A Kansan can live without dew, rain or snow,
In an air never moistened by vapors ;
But in city or town does anyone know
Of one who can live without papers ?

He reads them at morning, at noon and at night,
By gaslight and lamplight and tapers ;
He's anxious to know all about every fight,
That's cussed or discussed in the papers.

And if "he's cut off" because of arrears,
He goes straight and borrows his neighbor's,
And bobs up serenely all eyes and all ears,
Absorbing the news from the papers.

Mrs. Nation may smash up the joints and saloons,
And Leavenworth burn all her "nagers"!—
And all the crops fail down to peanuts and prunes,
A Kansan is bound to have papers.

The tempest may roar and the torrent come down,
The cyclone may cup awful capers ;
But high on the heap of the wind-stricken town,
The Kansan sits reading the papers.



A CHICKEN PIE.

Ye good folks of Chetopa,
Give ear unto my song,
Which if not wise or witty,
Will not be very long.

Our city boasts a preacher
Who is in doctrines sound
An Anak in proportions,—
His weight two hundred pound.

He hates all kinds of folly,
But tries to love the sinner—
Besides, he loves most dearly
A chicken for his dinner.

One morn he went forth slily
To his coop with foul intent,
Where sat the hen, not dreaming
What the smiling parson meant.

With silent hands he seized her,
When, lo ! out came her tail,
And the chicken slipped out quickly
Thru a hole in a broken rail.

Away went that old chicken
In double-quick 'round the church ;
Not much was the parson going
To be left thus in the lurch.

As his Dutch rose higher and higher
He pulled his stove-pipe down,
And began a race as thrilling
As Gilpin's, of world renown.

Still faster ran the chicken,
On its way from street to street,
Behind on came the parson
With faster flying feet.

As onward ran the chicken
And behind the parson flew,
Now scores of men and women
Came out the scene to view.

He lost his shining "beaver"—
For this he cared not a fig ;
But all his patience left him,
When flying went his wig.

But onward went pursuer,
And onward went pursued ;—
Not thus would run a preacher
After other kind of food.

Long while the race seemed equal—
At last the scale was turned—
And the parson seized the chicken,
For which his hands had burned.

Alas for that old chicken,
She shortly had to die ;
The following day for dinner
We had a chicken-pie.

Now, chickens, all take warning,
Keep out of a preacher's way,
Or with your bones all meatless
You will ever rue the day.

A word to you, dear parsons,
If you would never fail
To have a hen for dinner,
Don't catch her by the tail.

THE MAN WITH A PULL.

The world is full of all kinds of men,
Men little known and of world-wide fame ;
Men most noble and pure, and then
Men devoid of all sense of shame ;
And some are almost as wise as the gods,
And some would rank far below the fool ;
But the greatest of them in the world by odds,
Is the man who has the political pull.

With patriotic and lofty zeal
He may have served in the civil war,
And because to his country's welfare leal
His body may bear many a battle scar ;
His loyalty to his native land
May be a yard wide and all pure wool ;
He has no ground upon which to stand
With the man who has a political pull.

His character may be good and true,
A man with more than a local fame,
And with a record no mortal knew
To bring discredit upon his name.
Of kindly deeds and of noble aims
His whole life long may have been full,
But gifts and graces present no claims
O'er the man who has a political pull.

He may have labored for many a year
To build up and boom his native town,
And shared with his neighbors the hope and fear
Of fortune's smile or misfortune's frown.
In all his dealing with fellow men
He may have followed the golden rule,
But he is not in it even then
With the man who has a political pull.

Political wires are full of crooks,
But they are lengthy and tough and strong ;
And they have very questionable looks,
As they tow a seeker for office along ;
And as one watches the movements queer,
His intellect must be very dull,
If he fails to see with a vision clear
The man in the background who has the pull.

MOTHER, COME HOME.

(Tune: Father, Dear Father, Come Home
With Me Now.)

Mother, dear mother, come home from the club,
You promised to come home at five ;
This club business, father in anger just said,
He can not much longer survive ;
He swore at us children and called us poor brats,
And furiously kicked poor old Tray,
And said since these crazy card parties began
The devil is surely to pay.

CHORUS:

Come home, come home, come home,
Dear mother, please mother, come home.

Mother, dear mother, come home from the club,
You told me that you would come soon ;
You won in the game, are you still in a fight,
And pulling hair over the spoon ?
I've labored so hard to tidy the house ;
Our supper of cold hash is done,
And papa declares if you do not start now,
He'll come for you quick with a gun.



THE MILL OF LIFE.

This life is one continual grind,
With some wheels out of gear ;
Dust from the old mill makes us blind,
Its roaring dulls the ear.

The ancient Adam in us wakes,
From cranium to the feet,
When as his toll the miller takes
The finest of our wheat.

And when death strikes the balance sheet
And blots us from the list,
There's little left but chaff and cheat,
As our part of the grist.

VINEGAR PIE.

'Twas in the days of long ago,
When in the mouth the undertow
Of gastric juice was strong and full,
And appetite was never dull,
That mother made with curious art
A pastry that should joy impart
To all of low degree or high,
And which she christened Vinegar Pie.

Its contents were to me unknown,
But neath that crust of fine brown tone,
There was a flavor rare for saint
And sinner, when with hunger faint,
A mingling of the sweet and sour,
That touched the spot with tickling power,
And brought stomachic ecstasy
To head and tail of family.

At high pie counters I have sat,
And tasted Lincoln thick and fat,
And apple, rhubarb, peach and mince,
And even custard, cherry, quince,
But never since my boyhood days,
With knife or fork or spoon did raise
To opening mouth such rarity
As my dear mother's vinegar pie.



ROSA AND MARY.

Rosa Bonheur was an artist—
Artist worthy of the name ;
Painted in their grace and beauty
Animals both wild and tame.

Mary Walker was a doctor,
Egotistic, very swell ;
Office full of vile concoctions,
Chief of which was calomel.

Rosa, in man's handy clothing,
Showed no pertness, not a speck ;
Mary had another object—
Make the people rubberneck.

OLD TWENTY PER CENT.

Old Twenty Per Cent.
Had much money lent,
And 'twas his delight
Far into the night
Beside his old trunk
To lie on a bunk
Of blankets and straw,
To hear his notes draw.

He hears not the song
Borne sweetly along
Of night bird near by,
Or its mate's low reply ;
No sounds are so sweet
In woodland or street
As the music that floats
From twenty per cent notes.

No sunset's bright bars
Does he love, or the stars ;
He sees not the moon
Rising high at night's noon,
Like a shepherdess fair
Herding cloud flocks in air ;
His eye is intent
On twenty-per cent.

The charm of a flower
Hath no hidden power
O'er his spirit to win
One emotion within
Of ecstatic delight.
Marred and dim is his sight
By a mind only bent
On twenty per cent.

As he clutches his gold
With hands thin and cold
A visitor comes
Like a ghost from the tombs,
And carries him where,
I know not, nor care ;
His debtors all fix
His home on the Styx.

DON'T YOU DO IT.

Do not think that in life's battle,
With its ceaseless din and rattle,
You can conquer vast dominions
Soaring as on eagle's pinions,
On your hands no taint of moil,
From earth's honest ways of toil.

 If you do it,

 You will rue it.

Pegasus mount if you must ;
Better not the old horse trust.

Don't go upward like a rocket
With no ballast in your pocket
But a gold and silver lining ;
Brief will be your brilliant shining ;
Like a stick to earth descending,
Buried in the dust your ending.

 If you do it,

 You will rue it.

If your light burns not so fast,
'Twill burn brighter at the last.

If you ever think of trying
To achieve success by lying,
You will find you are mistaken,
When of honest men forsaken,
And will wiser grow and humbler,
When you're turned down like a tumbler.

 If you do it,

 You will rue it.

Better shun all forms of evil,
Tell the truth and shame the devil.

If you'd climb the hill of science,
You must have first self-reliance ;
Do not make strides like a giant,
Tho your limbs are strong and pliant.
And do not commit the folly
Of ascending on a trolley.

 If you do it,

 You will rue it.

Up a hill you cannot run ;
Step by step the summit's won.

If for fame you are aspiring,
With a strong, unquenched desiring,

'Tis an iridescent bubble,
Bringing only toil and trouble,
And will compensate your thirsting
In the end by simply—bursting.

 If you do it,

 You will rue it.

Fame is but the meteor's flare,
Lighting up the midnight air.

Have you loyal friends, and loving,
Often their affection proving,
By their many acts of kindness,
Showing to your follies blindness,
Let your love then never alter,
Nor in your devotion falter.

 If you do it,

 You will rue it.

In a world so dark and cold,
There are no friends like the old.

Do not trust too much in riches ;
She's a goddess that bewitches ;
With you now and gone tomorrow,
Leaving you chagrin and sorrow ;
Hearts, when robbed of earthly treasure,
Only sing in minor measure.

 If you do it,

 You will rue it.

Better place your wealth above,
And grow rich in lore and love.



WILLIAM AND JERRY.

Sitting in his underwear,
 William Jennings ceased
Talking politics awhile,
 Till his pants were creased.

Jerry was a wiser man ;
 With his sockless toes,
Lifted Prince Hal high in air,
 Dangling silken hose.

Simpson, tho his shins were bare,
 Got there just the same ;
Bryan with his bagless pants
 Does not bag the game.

PASS A RESOLUTION

When some great work's to be done,
Or reforms are needed,
Or some big achievement won,
For which men have pleaded ;
Or there is a mighty call
For an institution,
That will be a boon to all—
Pass a resolution.

If one has not been a shirk
In the line of duty,
But has always done his work,
With an eye to beauty ;
To the sum of human weal
Made his contribution,
Put upon the deed this seal—
Pass a resolution.

If a little popinjay,
Thru some foolish boasting,
Gets inordinately gay,
By too lofty roosting,
And needs for his swelling crown
Drastic absolution,
With a thump just let him down—
Pass a resolution.

Hot air now is very cheap,
If old Sol's the heater ;
High positions bad men reap
Thru the gay repeater ;
Do not let your feelings rile,
Have a collocation ;
Smoothe it over with a smile—
Pass a resolution.

All our rights are trampled on
By the upper classes ;
We are not much better than
Antiquated asses ;
We make speeches very fine,
Long on elocution,
Then with countenance benign—
Pass a resolution.

THE BEAUTIES OF GAS.

So strange it seems to me,
How it has come to pass
That not one poet sings
The beauties of our gas.

They sing about the birds,
And trees, and flowers, and grass ;
And art and fame and love,
But never touch on gas.

They tell us of the man
Eloping with a lass,
Whose light has been blown out—
Why not turn on the gas ?

And at the "white man's load"
Many have made a pass ;
Could we not lighten this
By turning on the gas ?



I KNEW IT WOULD RAIN.

I knew it would rain, for all day long,
The flies were biting my head and ears,
Those aural appendages made for song,—
That head laid bare by the barber's shears.

I knew it would rain, for all day long,
My rheumatic knee gave me trouble and pain,
And the corns barometrical on my toes,
As well as the fields of corn cried "rain."

I knew it would rain, for all day long,
I sighed and sighed for a Mother Hubbard ;
I cared not a fig for her hungry dog,
Nor how bare and empty was her cupboard.

I knew it would rain, for all day long,
The perspiration rolled from my brow,
As I wrote—but hark ! behold the dust !
"I told you so;" it is raining now.

TAKE UP THE PRINTER'S BURDEN.

Take up the printer's burden—
It is an awful load,
And gathers weight thè farther
He travels down the road ;
Bills payable in plenty,
Subscribers in arrears—
The troubles that beset him
Would drive a bust to tears.

Take up the printer's burden—
A form knocked into pi,
The editor arrested
For publishing a lie ;
A typo full of joint juice,
The foreman far away,
Upon some big excursion—
The devil is to pay.

Take up the printer's burden—
At last the paper's out :—
John Smith's wife had a baby,
Two rowdies had a bout ;
Brown's children had the measles,
Miss Flippy's dog is dead,
Miss Tattle had a quilting—
And not a word was said.

Take up the printer's burden—
He puffs the old dead town ;
He calls the women beauties,
And lies just like a clown ;
He lauds the city fathers,
And prints their pedigrees ;
They pay him back by cutting
His publication fees.

Take up the printer's burden—
Give him a little rest ;
With all his imperfections
He doubtless does his best ;
About his knavish neighbors
He tells not half that's true,
Believing that the devil
Will sometime get his due.

POLITICAL TIDDLE-DE-WINKS.

Said Mr. Blarney to Mr. Blinks,
Let's play a game of tiddle-de-winks.
Put the caucus cup on the table square,
And we'll sit here and our foes sit there.
We'll work our chips as best we may,
And we'll see which side will win the day.
We'll take the blacks, our foes the blues ;
You mind your "ps", and I'll mind my "qs".
The side that fills the caucus cup,
Will be the victors when the game is up.
Now work your men with a nimble thumb,
And to this say go, and to that say come.
They're made of wood and have no sense ;
You call them hither or drive them hence.
You touch them thus, and they go up so,
And into the caucus cup they go.
Upon some men you bear on thus,
And in they go without fume or fuss.
You press some little, you press some much,
It mostly depends on the way you touch.
Some one will jump contrariwise,
And over the cup he wildly flies.
Just play him with a stronger hand,
And soon in the cup he will squarely land.
Some men are touchy and hard to please,
And must be taken by slow degrees.
Just hold a careful and steady hand ;
You'll soon have them all at your command.
And in due time will the caucus cup
Be filled to the brim, and the game be up.



LATTER DAY LOGIC.

Cold is simply lack of heat—
Absence of caloric ;
Maxim one need not repeat,
Truth that's not theoric.

Night is absence of the day,
Darkness lack of light ;
Does it follow as some say,
Wrong is lack of right ?

I am not a sinner then,
Even if not good ;
Just a fog upon the fen,
Tree devoid of wood.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

(Read at Baker University's 50th Year Jubilee, 1909, in behalf of Class of 1866.)

With smiles for those responding "Here",
We answer to your order ;
But first we drop a silent tear
For those "across the border."

The class of eighteen sixty-six
Has not yet solved the question,
What lies beyond the river Styx,—
Because of good digestion.

And now about that class of three
We care to say but little ;
We keep the law of primacy,
With every jot and tittle.

We fought the wars "In Galliam,"
Sought honors "De Corona";
A-foot we trudged, devoid of shame;—
The Indians rode the "Pony."

We did not wear the cap and gown,
With varying attaches ;
And thus conceal a hairless crown,—
On trousers glaring patches.

The goal in games we sought to win
Was down in "Shinbone Alley,"
And did not cause the dust and din,
As does the pigskin sally.

That ancient class did not possess
Unusual gifts or graces ;
One prominent uncomeliness
Is seen upon our faces.

Sometimes it seems that nature errs;—
With such a lack of roses,
And seas of scentless cockle-burrs,
To give such ample noses.

'Tis true they make no blow of art,
Nor pose they as grand-standers ;
And yet 'tis said old Bonaparte
By this sign chose commanders.

Well, be that matter as it may,
Nor is our boasting hollow,
It fell to us to show the way
For greater men to follow.

Like all young folk we had our dreams,
In days we now call olden ;
We must acknowledge that their beams
Were copper-hued, not golden.

We rarely dreamed of penal pain,
Because of being a sinner ;
Our sleep was troubled how to gain
The cash for next day's dinner.

And if next day, as matters stood,
Our meals were somewhat lighter,
Because of inner dearth of food,
Our pants we buckled tighter.

The staple diet once was Rice,
With adjuncts corn and "tater";
Then followed dishes Sweet with spice ;
Quayle graced the table later.

We had no Molliecoddles then,
And very few Jim Dandies ;
Our paths were thru wild moor and fen,
Up steeps as rough as Andes.

We built our castles in the air,
With turret, dome and portal ;
But rarely dreamed of mansions fair;—
Like you, we too, were mortal.

Likewise the robe of righteousness
Was too remote a matter ;
About a decent Sunday dress
Was our chief social clatter.

And in those days of want and drouth,
And scenes of conflict gory,
We did not think, less dream, about
Young Baker's future glory.

Her sons by fortune, chance or fate,
Are surely in ascendant ;
In firmament of church and state
They shine as stars resplendent.

Her daughters too we know full well
Are brilliant, wise and tender ;
But over one they threw no spell,
By voice or eye of splendor.

The memories of the "loved and lost"
Arise like ghosts to vex us ;
His matrimonial lines got crossed—
He won a maid from Texas.

'Tis hoped those sons who made the incline
To points of exploitation,
Paid not their fare by trolley line,
But went by gravitation.

One fluttered to a bishop's chair,
In Methodistic undress ;
Another politician rare
Just humped himself to Congress.

Aboard the band-vehicle climbed,
O'er side-piece or the end-gate,
Another who is cocked and primed
For hotshot in the Senate.

A host of variegated lights,
Without the sound of tuba,
Have mounted up the giddy heights,
From Oregon to Cuba.

We find them in the foreign land,
Belaboring the heathen ;
May they his appetite withstand,
Nor in his pot be seethin'.

Around this Kansas Jericho
A host their horns are tootin',
But walls fall not as long ago,—
They preach too highfalutin.

There are D. Ds., and Ph. Ds.,
And so on infinitum ;
And some, when stripped of these degrees,
'Tis very hard to sight 'em.

Toward places high, with hearts elate,
Some strive with swift desire ;
Let those who go at auto gait,
Beware a punctured tire.

Just so they get there, I remark,
Not by the river briny,
Nor by the ways so vain and dark,
As did the man from China.

No flies are on the Baker man ;
At least they do not spot him ;
If on him one your optics scan,
Just swat him, slyly swat him.

Be this our last good word, all hail,
To every son and daughter ;
May you be head and never tail,
Beloved Alma Mater.

Until we reach our last long home,
Green-thatched in God's lone acre,
Forget not, friends, where'er you roam,
Old Baldwin and Dear Baker.



THE SAME OLD LOVE STORY.

In Three Chapters.

I.

The same old girl,
The same old smile ;
The same old curl,
The same old wile.

II.

The same old song,
The same old vow ;
The same old tongue,
The same old row.

III.

The same old part,
The same old ache ;
The same old heart
With one new break.

"BOARDING 'ROUND."

I look back over some forty odd years,
When life was a medley of hopes and fears,
When, in ways pre-normal yet dutiful,
I won a crown teaching district school—
A crown that martyrs alone can wear,
When safely housed in the mansions fair.

It was in the autumn, and everywhere
The lazy gossamers hung in air ;
The birds of summer had winged their flight
To groves unwithered by winter's blight ;
The leaves of forests were brown and sere,
And sadly spoke of the dying year,
And on my spirit a sadness fell,
That amateur teachers know full well.

The school house stood in a shady nook,
Beneath scrub oaks, by a sluggish brook,
A lonely place, hemmed in by the hills
Where lurked the germs of fever and chills
'Twas made of logs, pointed up with lime,
A decent house for that early time.

I need not tell of the long, long days,
The giddy youths, and their prankish ways ;
The weeks that dragged their slow length along.
Like an Alexandrine line in song.
So inharmonious and without grace,
Just to butcher rhyme and fill out space
All teachers experience the inward pain,
The task of teaching the dullard's brain ;
The voice half truth, other half pretense,
The eye that plainly feigned innocence ;
The urchin drawling his a, b, c ;
Some trying to master the Rule of Three ;
The look of pride in the lad or lass,
Who went up head in the spelling class ;
And how you smothered the rising smile,
When some green boy, untinctured with guile,
Who sipped but lightly from learning's cup,
Defined addition as "adding up."

While in those earlier Kansas days
There was much at fault and little to praise,
Yet even then we were "up to snuff"
In wireless stunts, and other such stuff.

In that far day, now you well may laugh,
It was called the ocular telegraph.
Quicker than Cupid's invisible dart,
Love's messages flew from heart to heart,
And tho a student of occult laws,
I saw the effect, but not the cause.

The brightest spots I can now recall.
In the weary months of that long, long fall,
That gave relief to my soul's duress,
Were the welcome noon and the glad recess.
And mercenary was I, do you say?
Just wait till I tell you the meager pay :
'Twas forty dollars for a three months' school,
And board around, here this was the rule.

Oh where can adequate words be found
To tell the beauties of boarding 'round ?
'Twas hog and hominy, hominy, hog—
The worst of food for a pedagogue.
'Twas beans and pork, and then pork and beans;
In early spring it was pork and greens.
It was hog at morning, and pig at night,
Until it seemed I would squeal outright.
The only studies my taste would suit
Were low hog Latin and deep cube root.
At noon time acorns and nuts I'd hunt,
And at length my words were only a grunt.
My back grew bristles, and my nose grew long,
And "Root, Hog, or Die" was my daily song.
But really, friends, all the truth can't be told,
Or a wondrous tail I would thus unfold.
And even today in my person and face,
Such food effects you can readily trace,
And never again while the world turns round,
Will I follow teaching and board around,
And never again while on earth I jog,
Will I be guilty of eating hog.



There is a young man in Chanute
Who's certainly on the wrong route ;
More friends he'd acquire,
If he'd play less the lyre,
And occasionally play on the lute.

THE THANKSGIVING GOBBLER.

'Twas just before Thanksgiving day,
And howling winds swept o'er the way ;
A turkey gobbler sat on high,
With big tears flowing from each eye.
He knew his race was almost run,
And ere would sink the morrow's sun,
That to the block he would be led,
And there he'd lose his lofty head,
And then his plumes of lustrous jet,
Would in the scalding pot be wet,
And he be plucked of every feather;
And legs be fastened with a tether,
And that his organs all, internal,
Would be removed by hands infernal,
And that his gizzard and his liver
Would be dismembered by a cleaver,
And mixed with eggs and flour and butter,
With many a stir and splash and splutter ;
With quantities of bread most stale
He would be stuffed from neck to tail,
And in that oven hot as Hades
Be basted—blistered by the ladies,
Then over him stuffed full of dressing.
Man, Christian man, would ask a blessing,
And then proceed with foul intent,
With knife in hand and body bent,
To cut and tear him limb from limb,
Like cannibals, unkempt and grim ;
Then by the hour would eat and eat,
Till gorged upon his dainty meat,
No wonder now you roost so high,
With big tears flowing from each eye.

But turkey gobbler, on that tree,
Cease your complaint, and list to me.
My strutting friend, have you not heard
That you are now our nation's bird ?
We claim the eagle, it is true,
Who soars aloft in ether blue ;
But he holds sway in time of war,
When danger threatens from afar ;
'Twas he who made the lion roar,
And sent him howling from our shore ;
But you are now our bird of peace ;
You represent war's glad surcease ;
You stand for all that's good in life.
In your glad reign we know no strife.

Our governors and President
Accord to you the compliment
Of proclamation's special call,
To gather at the home or hall ;
And round your savory form we meet,
Our friends and kindred dear to greet.
And tho you are laid on a platter,
My noble bird, what does it matter ?
'Tis true, we all must soon or late
Suffer alike the common fate.
But you, when you give up your breath,
Are highly honored in your death.
What boots it that the eagle's eye
Looks at the sun in yonder sky ?
What profit that he builds his nest
High up upon the mountain's crest ?
What matters that he soars aloft,
And leads victorious armies off?
To social joys and pleasures blind,
He brings no gladness to mankind.
Upon this day that crowns the year,
You bring to hearts and homes good cheer,
And on the joyful festal board,
You are acknowledged king and lord.

While thus his praise I did outpour,
The turkey gobbler wept no more.
He spread his tail and wiped his eye,
And down he flew from perch so high,
And on the block laid down his head ;
"Bring on your axe," was all he said.



QUIT YOUR GRUMBLING.

There's more sunshine far than shadow
In this world of ours ;
Or upon the fertile meadow
There would be no flowers. ,

Every grumble brings a wrinkle
On your cheek or brow
And your groanings only sprinkle
On your head more snow.

Cease your whining, stop your pouting,
Brush away that tear ;
Dance a jig, or take an outing
Drink a mug of—cheer.

THE JEFFERS CHORUS.

There are things we well remember,
As approaches life's December.
In all lives there is a spring-time,
And it might be called a sing-time,
When the days were filled with music,
If we urchins were not too sick
From a mess of unripe apples,
That required some pills or capsules.

When the frost had left the pasture,
Frogs would louder sing and faster ;
And gave music that was charming,
As the weather kept a-warming,
How those water imps would sing lays
In the evening of those spring days,
Fill the air about and o'er us,
With sweet sounds—like Jeffers' chorus.

On the breaking up of winter,
They knew better than a printer,
Tho a clever one, indeed, or
Any mustached chorus leader,
As they loudly croaked together,
How to make notes on the weather,
Some duets sang, some a solo,
Some high tenor, some low basso ;
Some, the old ones, sang like thunder.
Some on tenth line added under.

On a log was an instructor,
Acting as a class conductor ;
How his frogly bosom swelled out,
As his voice stentorian yelled out,
Over pond and lake and river,
Setting forest leaves a-quiver,
His baton in air uplifting,
Clouds above asunder rifting,
And at every chorus ending,
Called "repeat," the night air rending.

As we enter Memory's portal,
Music charms with voice immortal ;
Earlier days are brought before us,
Listening to this Jeffers chorus.
And our hearts are set a-singing,
Thru and thru with old songs ringing.

In those years of youth and beauty
Study was an irksome duty,
When bright eyes were smiling at us
Thru some trellised little lattice,
From which came a voice so tender,
Of a maiden fair and slender.
O 'twas sweet to listen to her,
And with honeyed words to woo her ;
To resist her charms we couldn't ;
How we wooed her, but she wouldn't.
Still, e'en yet we hear her singing,
Sweet and low, and ever bringing
Waves of rarest music o'er us,
Mingled with the bull frog chorus.

I have heard street-fakirs singing,
Medicine and music flinging
To the crowds of silly people,
In the shades of learning's steeple ;
But of all the music, charming,
Low, or boisterous, or alarming,
Frogs or sweethearts, organ grinders,
Cornet bands or harvest binders,
Birds or crickets, bees a-humming,
Kid bands, jug-bands, fife, drumming,
Give us Jeffers' splendid chorus,—
Seas of sweet sounds rolling o'er us ;
Low and soft, with rhythmic motion,
Surging like the storm-swept ocean.

Three cheers let us give in high notes,
Verberating in our sore throats,
For the leader of this chorus,
Lifting high his baton o'er us,
As a musical Colossus,
Legs a-straddle, smiles bestowing,
On the ladies, eyes aglowing,
Like the ancient Orpheus throwing
Notes as meteoric showers,
And as Flora scatters flowers.

Some day in the seventh heaven
May a harp to him be given ,
Then his own horn loudly blowing,
No more do, ra, me, ra, doing,
But a leader of high chorus,
Sung by seraphs soaring o'er us.

TELL ME, YE KANSAS WINDS.

Tell me, ye Kansas winds
That round my pathway blow,
Is there nowhere a spot
Where mortal man may go ;
No island in the sea,
No quiet, foreign clime,
Where spring time comes without
The dire house-cleaning time ?
A cyclone struck me with terrific blow,
And hurled me forty rods as it responded "No."

Oh, gentle birds that wing
Far to the south your flight,
Do you not know some land
Of loveliness and light,
Where beds are never sunned,
And carpets are not "beat,"
Where "stretchers" are not known,
And tacks don't prick your feet ?
A large, dark bird then flew off with a "caw,"
And answered with a gruff, disdainful "Naw."

And thou, resplendent moon,
Sweet empress of the night,
In whose mellifluous beams
All lovers take delight,
Do you not know a place—
Some country east or west,
Where from house-cleaning days
Poor man can get a rest ?
The moon then paler grew, and answered slow,
As from behind a cloud it whispered "No."

Oh, sweetener of my joys,
My other, better self,
Thou who has sworn to share
My poverty or pelf,
Do you not know some spot,
On seen or unseen shore,
Where these house-cleaning times
Shall come again no more ?
"Yes, yes," she said, "These tacks here must be driven ;
You'll find that place sometime—perhaps—in heaven."

A PSALM OF WINTER.

Tell me not in joyful numbers
Winter is a time of sport ;
Bruin sucks his paw ana slumbers,
While the arctic blasts cavort.

How can folks be chic and cheery,
When the frosts give ears a tweak,
When their eyes get red and bleary,
And their noses spring a leak?

When the hustling, howling blizzard,
With its dismal, deafening roar,
Shrivels up your very gizzard,
Till it hardly has a core ?

When the head-piece feels a tumult,
Thru the raging of the grip ;
And the ladies suffer insult,
When the chaps attack the lip ?

How can any frisky maiden,
Ricochetting on the sleet,
Think the winter pleasure laden,
When her lover gets cold feet ?

As the mercury hits zero,
And the gas forgets to flow,
Teeth a-chatter, he's a hero,
Who phones not a tale of woe.

Boys may greet until they tire
Snowstorms with a song and shout ;
As I hump up o'er my fire,
One good spit would put it out.

Icicles upon the whiskers
Closely seal the mouth of truth,
Bre it laughs at chilblain blisters,
On the festive feet of youth.

Tell me not of winter glories,
I decline them all with thanks ;
Brand them highfaluting stories,
As I try to thaw my shanks.

ORIGIN OF FASHIONS.

In Eden lived a woman fair,
Of form and grace and beauty rare,
Who had a longing to be wise,
As well as fair in Adam's eyes ;
And, listening to the tempter's voice,
She made, alas, the fatal choice,
Which brought in sin and all our woes,
And chief among them wearing clothes.
Alas, alas, the untold evil
Of being too friendly with the devil.

And yet dear Adam did not chide her ;
But chose to linger still beside her ;
Of course he did, for then, forsooth,
When our forefather was a youth,
In all the world there was but one
Lone woman, and 'twas she or none,
And she, I'd have you understand,
The loveliest lady in the land.
Tho Adam had no mother wit,
He wisely made the best of it,
And showed good sense as everyone knows,
In getting for his wife some clothes ;
And worldly fashions here began,
With woman first, and then with man.

Eve's garb was simple—fig leaves sewn
Together in a way her own.
Unlike the one on Madison Square,
Poor woman, who had nothing to wear.
Our mother Eve, as leaves decay,
Must have a change of dress each day.
And she, first lady of the land,
Most certainly must understand
The blandishments and arts of dress
That would enhance her loveliness.
'Tis true there only was one man
The beauty of her garb to scan,
Yet she alone is thoroughly good
Who's true to her own womanhood ;
And tho she had the primal right
To him who loved her at first sight,
She ever used the woman's art
To hold the love of Adam's heart.
This truth is plainly seen, perforce,
Because he never sought divorce.
Thus day by day her dress, no doubt,
Was ornamented round about

With flounces, frills and furbelows,
And scallops fine, and finer bows ;
Some times cut bias, some times gored,
Yet never scrimped, but always scored.
Perhaps she also puffed her sleeves
With Eden's biggest fig tree leaves.

How tame was life—our mother Eve's—
With only raiment made of leaves.
True to her sex, don't think it strange,
Her woman's heart cried for a change.
This fig-leaf suit, 'tis known to all,
Originated in the "Fall",
And when the weather colder grew,
And northern blasts around them blew,
Dear Eve on Adam cast a smile,
And asked him for a change of style,
And Adam, like a noble spouse,
Ne'er knit a wrinkle on his brows,
Now sallied forth with bow in hand,
And wandered thru the forest land,
And animals, in protest mute,
Were slain to make Eve's winter suit.
And ever since that fatal day,
It has been man's delight to slay
The beast within his forest lair,
And bird that wings its flight in air,
That to fair woman's form and face
There might be added charm and grace.
We do not know what all she wore,
What jewels rare she had in store ;
Or how she dressed her auburn hair,
Braided or banded or curled with care ;
Or if she had a seal skin sacque,
Or monstrous bustle on her back.
One thing by inference we may know,
She had, when wed, no fine trousseau.
We cannot think she would descend
To "kangaroo stoop" or "Grecian bend."
We will not say a bent to evil,
For that would exculpate the devil.
She was a lady highly born,
Or rather made, creation's morn,
She had enough of natural bent
That Adam's rib to her had lent.
And apish ways would surely scorn ;
And yet, and yet a woman, she,
With woman's art in high degree,
For see how easy 'twas to win
Poor Adam to her ways of sin.

But various disadvantages
Beset her in those early days ;
And first we note there was for her
No modiste or milliner ;
No magazines with fashion plates
Of gorgeous hats on empty pates ;
She had no neighbors o'er the way
To vie with her in fine array ;
No church at which to show her bonnet,
With flowers, and birds, and ribbons on it ;
She never went to theaters,
And heard the low, insulting jeers
Of men who right behind her sat,
And growled at her cathedral hat.
Nor did dear Adam ever scold,
At least it never has been told,
And give his wife a look to kill,
When he received her milliner's bill.
Oh, happy husband ! happy wife !
To live thus without jar or strife,
In course of time old Adam died,
And Eve, poor Eve, she sighed and cried ;
No husband now, oh, cruel fate,
To tell her when her hat was straight,
Or give each morn a sweet caress,
Or button up her Sunday dress.

In history, sacred or profane,
No one has made the matter plain,
How Eve, good mother of our race,
Went to her final resting place.
'Tis likely she was carried away
With some new fashion of the day.

All honor to our mother Eve ;
She's long been dead, we will not grieve.
She had her virtues, not a few ;
She set the fashions, we pursue ;
She may have made some sad mistakes ;
She may have followed fads and fakes ;
The devil may have made her vain ;
And she it was who first "raised Cain".
She was our mother, and no shrew ;
Then let us give her all her due.
Remember this, she never ran
From Adam with a handsomer man ;
She never sang the bass in tunes ;
She never wore the pantaloons.

TO DANDLE ON YOUR KNEE.

When life is in the yellow leaf,
And snow is in the air,
And frosts of many winters touch
To white the raven hair,
There's naught that brings the springtime back,
With all its joy and glee,
As a lovely little grand child
To dandle on your knee.

Let Rockefeller have his oil,
And all the wealth it brings ;
'Tis said that riches fly away
On rapid, hidden wings ;
But as the years fly swiftly by,
The sweetest thing to me
Is a lovely little grand child
To dandle on my knee.

Oh Sun, move slowly in your course
A-down the crimson west ;
Hide not behind the curtains yet
That bring me night and rest ;
Prolong my life's declining years,
With all the ecstasy
Of a loving little grand child
To dandle on my knee.



BUILD A FENCE.

Build a barbed wire fence of Hope
Around each day ;
Jump in, with a bounding lope,
And therein stay.

Do not tear your pantaloons,
Or scratch your shin ;
Let the grafters sing their tunes,—
Don't let them in.

If some nabobs scorn your style
Do not sneer or scoff ;
Do not wear a silly smile
That won't come off.

MONKEY-PARROT FIGHT.

Monkey, parrot, see them fight,
Each contending he is right ;
Each a mighty battle-door,
Spilling not a drop of gore.
Charges after charges made—
Truth forever in the shade.
Now the parrot is on top,
Monkey brings him down "kerflop."

Neither backs down on a dare ;
Fur and feathers fill the air.
Now we bet on fiery Stubbs,
Then old Dawson knocks his tubs.
Leaves him sprawling in the street.
Soon again he's on his feet,
Blacks the General's weather eye ;
General then makes red hair fly.

Hague Tribunal, get to work ;
Pass up Chinese, Dago, Turk ;
Send a delegation quick ;
Bring the dove, if not too sick ;
Judicate and arbitrate,
Save the honor of the state ;
Haste ye in an airship car,
Come, pull off the dogs of war.



AWAY WITH TROUBLE.

Why this pitiable repining,
Why this cloud upon your brow ;
There is no excuse for whining,
No occasion for a row.

Do not think about your trouble,
Cease your brooding over wrong ;
Griefs will vanish like a bubble,
If you lift your heart in song.

Seek the aid of witty ladies,
Gentlemen with jokes galore ;
Tell your woes to go to Hades,
And to bother you no more.

THAT LITTLE HATCHET.

When he was young and peart and bold,
George Washington, in days of old,
Possessed a little hatchet,
For cutting down old cherry trees,
Or barriers to our liberties,
No implement could match it.

John Bull came o'er, the big, round fop,
To start a kingly junket shop.
Ere he had time to thatch it,
G. Washington came walking by,
With blood and thunder in his eye,
And smashed it with his hatchet.

When manacles, upon the hand
Of negroes in the southern land,
Were clanking like a ratchet,
A. Lincoln bristled up for fight,
And hit the chain with all his might,
And smashed it with his hatchet.

The hatchet is a fell disease,
And spreads abroad by slow degrees—
The Nation seems to catch it.
When any wrong stalks down the pike,
The men as well as women like
To smash it with a hatchet.



THE RIGHT OF WAY.

Many years ago when only a child,
I wandered off thru a forest wild.
The tall grass waved in the summer air,
My pathway was decked with flowers fair,
Whose rich perfume the forest filled,
And with their fragrance my senses thrilled.
As leisurely I walked along,
With joy in my heart, on my lips a song,
A little animal stood in the way,
With menacing look, and ready for a fray.
I made him battle with stick and stone,
But that sad day I shall ever bemoan,
For the terrible order that forth was given,
Made the atmosphere black, and reached to heaven.

* * * * *

When I meet a skunk since that rueful day,
I always accord him the "right of way."

GEN. FUNSTON.

Frederick Funston is a daisy,
Tho he was a little lazy
While at school ;
Yet in fighting Phillipinos,
Spanish hordes or rebel negroes,
He's no fool.

He won glory first in Cuba,
But he did not hire a tuba
Horn to blow,
How he fought till sorely wounded,
And his arms he never ground
To the foe.

Ever ready was our Funston,
For the rebels, when the sun shone,
Or at night.
He has not a heart of liver
Who would swim a raging river
For a fight.

He is now a brigadier,
And he feels a trifle freer,
With his sword ;
At the singing of a ditty
He will take another city
With its horde.

Fight on, swim on Gen. Frederick,
Till insurgents with their last kick,
Cry enough ;
And if Kansas is the donor
Of some great and high-up honor,
You're the stuff.



A FEW DONT'S.

Don't show literary blindness,
By ignoring books ;
Don't curd milk of human kindness,
By contemptuous looks.

Don't you make a god of money,
Nor of good deeds brag ;
Don't be with your jokes too funny,
Do not chew the rag.

Don't you be a toady croaking,
On a rotten log ;
Don't you eat till you are choking,
Do not be a hog.

THE MASSES NOT ASSES.

How Candidate Boyle
Did labor and toil
To blind and befuddle the masses ;
A chick or a child
Might thus be beguiled,
But the people are not yet all asses.

He talked and he talked,
And across the stage walked,
As he made his sophistical passes ;
As he threw out his chaff,
He made the folks laugh,
That he should consider them asses.

Many stories he told
Some new and some old,
To tickle the lads and the lassies.
But to every one
It was no little fun,
He imagined his listeners were asses.

Old Job had his boils,
While in Satan's hard toils,
His life was not sweet as molasses ;
But amid all his pangs
He heard no harangues
From braying political asses.

Come again, Mr. Boyle,
View our brave sons of toil,
Look at them with 40-power glasses ;
As man after man
You carefully scan
Please tell us how many are asses.



There grew and bloomed a little poppy
Upon a grassy little kopje ;
A soldier with a leather belt,
Came stalking o'er the verdant veld :
And with a hand unknown to fear,
He plucked the poppy for old Krueger,
And then he quickly went his way
Across the veld and thru the vlei,
A-tooting on his little harp,
Back to his little German dorp.

SWAT THE FLY.

Swat the fly !
Catch him on the run,
In the shade or sun,
Ere he has begun
Whizzing by.

Swat the fly !
Take a steady aim ;
Kill him, do not maim ;
With a culprit's shame
Let him die.

Swat the fly !
On your shining pate,
There the vile ingrate,
As you rage with hate,
Winks his eye.

Swat the fly !
While you sit and eat,
He takes up his beat,
With his filthy feet,
On your pie.

Swat the fly !
There the devil goes,
Softly on his toes,
Up that Roman nose,
On the sly.

Swat the fly !
This my last behest—
Give the imp no rest ;
Smite the noisome pest,
Hip and thigh.



There may be lack of moisture,
A serious lack of rain ;
There may be lack of garden sass
A woeful lack of grain ;
There may be lack of greenbacks,
Of silver and of gold ;
There may be lack of cattle
And sheep within the fold ;
But not till Gabriel's trumpet
Shall make the welkin rumble
Shall there ever be a lacking
Of those who growl and grumble.

FOREVER ON THE WAG.

There goes a girl, a silly girl,
A down the public street ;
She has a smile, a simple smile,
For friends that she may meet.
Some good young man, some fine young man,
Soon after her would tag,
But for the gum that keeps her jaw
Forever on the wag.

The gossip comes, the gossip goes—
She sits or lies in wait,
On trusting, unsuspecting friends
Foul stories to relate ;
Upon her neighbors' noble deeds
She's never known to brag,
But when it comes to faults her jaw
Is ever on the wag.

There goes a man, a filthy man,
About his daily work,
And from a plug of "Battle Ax"
He bites off with a jerk
A nauseating quid that makes
His cheek look like a bag,
And then that jaw, the lower jaw,
Is ever on the wag.

I see a man who thinks the world
Is always going wrong ;
Within his heart there is no hope,
Upon his lips no song ;
And as he gropes his weary way
A-chewing that old rag,
His only music is his jaw,
Forever on the wag.

There goes a man, a pompous man,
A man of mighty mien,
Who every year in Washington
In Congress halls is seen ;
And buncombe speeches oft he makes,
But sure it is the swag
For "influence" that keeps his jaw
Forever on the wag.

THE CASE OF JOB.

My friend, you should perambulate
The history of Job,
And into his afflictions sore
With searching optics probe.

How Satan rockefelled his wealth,
Bereft him of his kin,
And tortured him with foul disease,
From liver to his skin.

Three comforters came from afar,
And sat for seven days
In silent, sympathetic grief—
For this let's give them praise.

But then they all engaged in talk,
Till talk to speeches ran,
And speeches into arguments—
The purest fustian.

Poor Job, his case was hard indeed,
No man such woes e'er bore,
Yet mid it all he proved himself
Religious to the core.

How did it happen, do you ask?
I speak not as a wag;
Mid all his woes his dear good wife
Was never known to nag.

'Tis true in one outburst of love,
She said, "Curse God, and die";
But in his mighty swarm of griefs,
This was the one small fly.



OLD FATHER TIME.

Is there no power to stop the course
Of good old Father Time,
Some subtle scheme by wit or force
To lengthen manhood's prime?

Could we not break his old hour glass,
Or, possibly, his leg,
And thus delay him till he has
Secured a wooden peg?

Could we not steal his scythe some day,
Or scare him with a bluff,
Or work him in some other way,
And head the old man off?

COME, SWEET HARBINGER.

Bluebird, pretty bluebird,
Sweet harbinger of spring,
How we long and listen
Again to hear you sing.
Tho your song is simple,
'Twill gladness to us bring.

Bluebird, pretty bluebird,
Come in your plumage blue ;
Winter long has tinted
Our nose this color too ;
Oh, come and give the heavens
The same celestial hue.

Bluebird, pretty bluebird,
The haughty little elf
On the lap of Flora,
Disports his ugly self ;
Can't you come and lay him
Upon his arctic shelf ?

Bluebird, pretty bluebird,
Come, catch the early worm ;
Take him in and warm him,
The blizzard makes him squirm ;
Come, but let me warn you,—
Don't bring the hook-worm germ.

Bluebird, pretty bluebird,
Oh, hasten to our clime ;
On the gentle spring time,
I want to make a rhyme ;
If I'll promise not to,
Will you come in quicker time ?



In olden times we sang about
Sweet Peggy and her low backed car,
And how with arm about her waist,
They sought the parson, Pap Mahar.

Now when we take a little whirl,
In swiftly flying auto'bile,
We cannot hug the little gal—
Our hands must tightly hold the wheel.

POPPING CORN.

John and Jennie sit together
In the firelight's warmth and glow,
While old earth, from wintry weather,
Warms herself with robes of snow.

Jennie gets the iron kettle,
And the corn begins to pop ;
John's emotions will not settle,
And his heart goes flip'ty flop.

As the maid with nimble fingers
Slowly shells the pearly corn,
In John's heart a passion lingers,
Waiting, struggling to be born.

Jennie holds the lid down tightly,
While the bursting corn grows light;
Face of John becomes unsightly,
Turning red, then turning white.

Jennie finishes the popping
In high culinary art ;
Something keeps a highball hopping
In the kettle of John's heart.

Jennie lifts the kettle cover ;
Still a few grains hop about ;
Then the fire John's heart is over,
Corn like, turns it inside out.

John the question pops in sputters,
That gives both a common fate ;
Jennie then the popcorn butters,
And they both eat from one plate.



CHILDREN YET.

As children we were told to seek
The rainbow's golden treasure,
And now, with wrinkles on the cheek,
Fakes mock us at their pleasure.

They tell us of great fortunes made,
In stock and bond and mortgage ;
Our hard-earned cash is freely paid,
And what we get is—shortage.

The most of us are children yet,
Just grown a little bigger ;
We swarm the traps by schemers set,
And pull the little trigger.

THE PREACHERS HAVE COME TO TOWN.

Alack ! alack ! how the hens do cack !
The preachers have come to town ;
The hens ran away—it will take all day
For the host to run them down.

Alack ! alack ! how the hens do cack !
The host has an axe in hand,
And while he commits the murderous deed
The preacher by his clothes doth stand.

Alack ! alack ! how lips do smack !
As he tears the fowl limb from limb ;
Yellow leg, black leg, white leg, all,
It matters not a whit to him.

Alack ! alack ! when they go back
To their disappointments again,
What will the poor Chanute people do
For rooster, or chicken, or hen.



HOW ABOUT IT?

Turn the old mule out to grass ;
He is spavined, blind and old ;
Days of usefulness, alas,
Now are nearly told.

Seldom was he known to shirk
Burdens he was forced to bear ;
Now because of faithful work
He has food and care.

Let the gospel veteran
Live on doles—that is the rule.
Tell me, brothers, is not man
Better than a mule ?

THE BAKER RUBAIYAT.

Read at the Founders' and Benefactors' Day Celebration
given in honor of the Class of 1866, Centenary
Hall, Baldwin, Kansas, February 12, 1904.

Hero, awake, who wrought the sovereign will,
And at whose word the sun of heaven stood still,
For one brief moment leave the silent tomb—
Thy long, long resting place on Gaash hill ;

And on some modern Gibeon take thy stand,
And give again the imperial command
That shall prolong life's fast declining day,
Ere night shall bear us to an unknown land.

The mighty warrior heeds us not, nor hears ;
And ever and forever fills our ears
The tickling of the horologue of time—
The doleful knell of the departing years.

Since then we cannot bribe the fore-locked sire,
Nor kindle once again youth's lambent fire,
Let us bow down at Memory's sacred shrine,
And dreams of early days again inspire.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
Some bard hath said. Do you believe it true ?
Perhaps the raindrops in the weeping eyes
To distant scenes impart the rainbow hue.

The snows leave traces on our comelier parts,
And if some flakes should drop upon our hearts,
Let love divine forever burning there,
Dissolve them ere the winter time departs.

The chilling winter of life's discontent
Will linger long because of time misspent ;
Fill days w'th labor and the nights with song,
And spring will hasten with its ravishment.

Darkness is but the counterpart of sin ;
All days are bright when there is light within ;
If heaven shall luminate our path, no gloom
Shall frighten when we near the grass-thatched inn.

Facing the east to see life's morning star,
We hailed the light that cheered us from afar ;
Let us have no less joy when it declines
Behind the west's cloud-girt horizon bar.

I come not here to honor with my lays,
And call the past the only golden days ;
Why call them gold when none was in the purse—
'Twas long before the specie-payment craze.

Nor did the greenbacks grow upon the trees ;
At least not where we gathered them with ease ;
We earned shinplasters doing sundry jobs,
To buy a cracker or a crumb of cheese.

Ah, many an eye to tears would quickly melt,
If you could know the hunger that we felt—
The thirst for knowledge and for other things,
Such things as fill the region neath the belt.

With one hand we plucked honors from the moon ;
No honors from our fancy were immune ;
While with the other twice or thrice a day,
We ate our hodgepodge with a pewter spoon.

We might have hitched our wagons to the stars,
And made attempts to signal fiery Mars,
And failing, fearing Jove's terrific frown,
We let old earth still bump our humble cars.

'Twas not amiss that homely hempen clothes
Enveloped forms whose cheeks vied with the rose ;
'Twas not amiss that sons of honest toil
Beshrewed the brain that settles in the toes.

Cosmopolite we were at school and bat ;
Distinctions fine obtained not thru cravat,
Or cut of jib, or patent leather shoes ;
No Senior ever donned a stove-pipe hat.

No victims from the sporting fields we bore,
In ambulances, foul with mud and gore ;
The only games of peril that we played
Were those which left not hearts, but shin-bones sore.

In many branches we did passing well,
While we were trained in learning's Citadel ;—
Like one of old with all our wealth of lore,
One thing, alas, we lacked—the college yell.

O sad that in those halcyon days should come
The bugle note of war, the roll of drum,
To call the noblest, bravest boys away
To battle front and marches wearisome.

They left us in the buoyancy of youth
To strike for liberty, for God and truth ;
And some returned no more, but bravely fell,
Facing the serried ranks and cannon's mouth.

We would entwine a wreath for them today ;—
A wreath of roses mingled with the bay ;
The rose to symbolize the blood they shed,
The laurel leaves the honors we would pay.

As toward the past the eyes of memory range,
We see thru all the element of change ;
In halls and under trees to us unknown
There look upon us faces new and strange.

And yet the same old sun shone then as now ;
The same sweet birds sang on the woodland bough ;
The same stars glorified the midnight sky ;
The same soft breezes kissed the maiden's brow.

The same old seasons slowly came and went,
Bringing their days of joy or discontent ;
Life's calendar retains the bright days still ;
The gloomy ones we put in banishment.

Beneath the same old moon brightly serene,
That made earth sparkle like a silvery sheen,
The same old sleigh filled up with boys and girls,
Would make the same old tumble-out careen.

While night dews nestled in the tulips rare,
The same old vows were breathed upon the air ;
Sometimes the girl fell in your arms as now ;
Sometimes she gave the same old stony stare.

The teacher watched us with the same off eye ;
The love-lorn maiden heaved the same old sigh ;
The same old pony trotted round the ring ;
The lazy student told the same old lie.

The rolling ball no question makes of punts
As here and there the player strikes and grunts ;
But lynx-eyed captains watching down the line
See every kicker who performs his stunts.

Students ! discard the horse—'tis only shame !
His jog is easy, but 'twill make you lame ;

And after many years will show the halting gait
That hinders ascent of the hill of fame.

'Twas Baker gave the word, co-educate,
Among the first in country and in state ;

Well she maintained the cause, statistics show
Her theory still is—wed soon or late.

For Cupid's smile is just as gay and bland ;
He draws his bow with just as firm a hand ;

It needs no confirmation to declare
He's doing business at the same old stand.

As we still wander in dim memory's halls,
Voice after voice, familiar to us, calls ;

And when we know they'll greet us nevermore,
A tearful sadness on the spirit falls.

How hung we on the lip so eloquent
Of him our first and honored president ;

O may his saintly spirit linger still,
And find in student hearts embodiment.

The sorry efforts in the next one's rule
To cut the course from college to high school,

Failed signally. The man possessed the heart
To do the act, but had too dull a tool.

The next to come was good old Dr. Locke,
Who suffered from neuralgia by the clock ;

Denial of poor Baker, not his Lord,
Too soon was signaled by the crowing cock.

Alas for him who like a meteor shone
In wondrous brilliance in our college zone,

And dimmed the very stars, and made the night
Grow darked when the blinding light was gone.

In those dark days that followed rapidly
The ship of Baker had a stormy sea ;

And captain after captain seized the helm—
Rice, Simpson, McNutt, Hartford, Weatherby.

The threatening waves subsided to a gale,
When slowly down the presidential scale

Ran Denison and Sweet and Gobin true ;—
And piping times came with the notes of Quayle.

And next a Hoosier threw upon the wall
A shadow short,—but later growing tall ;

In schemes surprising, subtle, deep and large—
Now, who but he had planned this festival ?

All honor to the self-forgetting band
Who with a faith that sees the unseen scanned
This field so rich in promise, and with tears
And supplications labored, dreamed and planned.

A host as years roll onward shall attest
And from the north and south, the east and west,

The brave adventure of the heroes old
Who, dying, left their love with their bequest.

The Past salutes the Present here tonight !
Three links—two, rusty—bear a little light

To mingle with the incandescent glow
Before the candles are forgotten quite.

The class of '66—they led the way,
And yet no honors at their feet we lay ;

Some fell behind, the slowly jogged along,
And answered roll call on Commencement day.

A class of only three ; the years disclose
No answer to the riddle I propose :

Why was there not another maiden fair ?
Well, possibly the sphinx of Egypt knows.

But just one girl ! So ill the fates prepare
Mortal adjustments ! If each Romeo swear

By the pale moon he loved the lassie well—
O sorry answer to the tangled prayer !

Why did she marry HIM ? His visage scan !
'Tis strange, but beauty weds the uglier man ;

Had fair Apollo been a cornfield fright,
He would have caught fair Daphne ere she ran.

And this I know : If Cupid hurl a dart
'Tis better far upon the victim's part

To go not scathless from the arrow's flight,
With envious chance to gibe the winning heart.

But all things come, 'tis said, to those who wait ;
So, borne on wings that flutter into Fate,

One day a swallow flew beneath my eaves—
And other riddles bother me of late.

What boots the labor ? Years may come and go,
Like the swift phantoms moving in the show.

They gave old Omar his immortal song
In praise of wine—the sole escape from woe.

He knew naught of the bird with tireless wing
That to our spirits holy raptures bring ;

Nor of its flight from earth's depressing snows
To lands that bloom in everlasting spring.

Say not to us: "Turn down the empty glass !"
For soul of man this were a doleful mass !

'Twas only written of a lump of clay
That it should sleep beneath a mound of grass.

Thru the cathedral windows of the west
Flows hither light from islands of the Blest ;

And in the tent that shelters us awhile,
We dream of Home—and, dreaming, are at rest.



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